

Erasmus Redivivus.

WHEREIN

Divers of the most

Remarkable Occurrences

OF THE

Present Age,

ARE

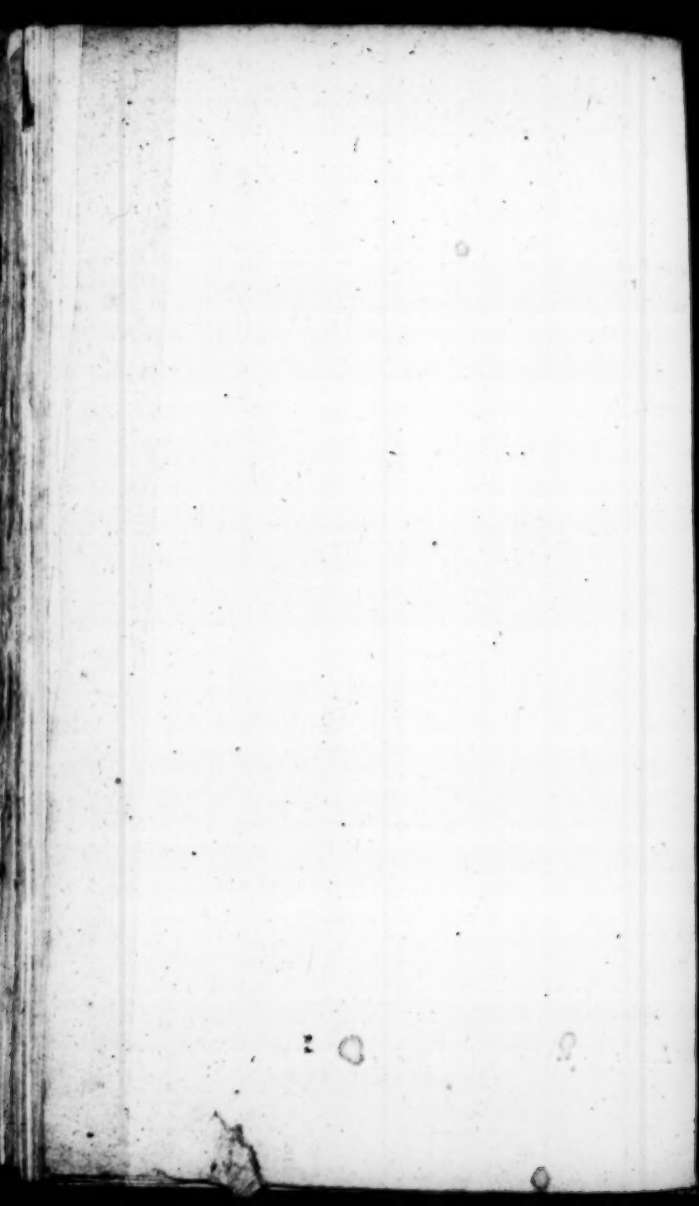
Compendiously Represented

In several

Select Colloques.

*Hic mirus abæneus esto,
Nil Conficere sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.*
Horat. Epist. I.

London, Printed in the Year 1699. Price 6 d.



THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

IT has been so long a Custom among the *Knights Scriblers* to impose their Trumpery upon the world under the shadow of a Preface, that *Erasmus* should not be conformable, some of our Squeamish Coxcombs would perhaps look a-wry upon

The Preface

on him, and repute him at least to be grown an old unmannerly surly fellow.

Well Sir, because he shan't incur your displeasure, you shall see he can be as Prefaceish as the best of you ; Indeed he wants a Person of Rank for a Patron, but barring that I suppose he'll appear to be as well fitted out as er'e an *Æsop*, *Irip*, *Spy* or *Tom Thumb* of 'em all.

'Tis true his want of a Patron is a very great deficiency; I must needs say it appears very Noble and Magnificent to see a swinging Piece of Quality fixt in the front of some of our Modern Pamphlets. A Noble Man conveniently plac'd with a Label in his Mouth, in such a Post, looks full as great and Majestick as the Picture of the Gallant London Prentice, in the head of a ballade, and indeed seems to stand much in the same posture

with

To the Reader.

with his Arms extended ready to run 'em down the Throats, and tear out the heart of any Brute, that shall dare to growl at the block-head, that has so solemnly own'd himself his Eternally devoted, &c.

'Tis very hard truly that *Erasmus* should be so ill provided in his extremity ; however he's resolv'd to take a short turn among you, and considering his former Merit and Character, he cannot much suspect your Civility, In proportion to which you may expect to hear more of him in two or three days.

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COL. I. *Between Æsop and Erasmus ; the main of their Conference Relates to the present State of England and Holland: Æsop rehearses two or three Fables to shew the Nature and Consequence of a standing army; gives Erasmus some general hints of his late business and Conversation in England ; and then takes his leave,*

OL. II. *Mimick a Player, Scribler a Mercenary Poet, and Cant a Puritanical Cit; bandy about the present condition of the Stage, with Respect to the Conference between Mr. I. C. and Mr. Con—and Mr. Van—&c. And then propose Articles for a general Peace and agreement.*

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Col. V. *Industry and her Sister Art walk together towards St. James's Park; they make melancholy Reflections upon their want of Buſineſs; they encounter M. Cringe, a French Man, in their paſſage, who plainly diſcovers to 'em that his own Countrymen and the Dutch, are the grand occaſion of the decay of the Engliſh Trade.*

Col. VI. *Sneak the Quaker, and Infallibility the Prieſt, debate the buſineſs about the Norfolk Conference; Turbulent the Presbyterian Preacher, joins 'em; they declare ſeparately their hatred againſt the Church of England, and agree upon an Expedient for her Subverſion.*

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Eraf-

Erasmus Redivivus.

C O L. I.

Between Æsop and Erasmus.

HOW now, *Æsop*, why, where have you been, I wonder, these six or seven Months?

Æ. I have been in a Beggarly, Factioned, Dissolute, Stubborn, Thoughtless, Ungrateful World.

E. Pray what part of the World is it you have been in, that deserves all these hard words?

Æ. In short, I have been in *England*, and particularly at *London*; and if you had been used as scurvily as I have been, for all your high Morals and Pretences, I believe you'd have as many hard words as my self.

E. Prethee how have they us'd thee? Indeed I think you do look something disorder'd.

Æ. Why, they have rais'd the Mob upon me, and thrown me into most of the Houses of Office about Town.

E. What, I warrant you have been writing some foolish Morals, or Satyrs against the Government.

Æ. No, I writ nothing my self, but was forc't to set my Name to a few Fables from *Tunbridge* and *Amsterdam*: But then indeed there was some other Indigent Scriblers, that Father'd so much of their dull ridiculous Stuff upon me, that at last I became obnoxious to every Fool.

E. I confess that's a hard case, that a Man must stand like a Dial-Post in a Countrey Church Yard, for every little Cur to piss at, that trots by. But pray *Æsop*, what are the people a doing in *England*?

Æ. A doing! why, they'r undermining, betraying, cheating, swearing, forswearing, damning and confounding one another.

E. Oh! forget the Mob, and the Houses of Office now, and don't be partial: *England* us'd to be reputed the *Mistress of Christendom*, both for Riches and Plenty, and the Garden of Religion beside.

Æ. 'Tis well if you find it so, for my part, I met with nothing there but deep Poverty and Hunger. Indeed for Religion I can't say, but 'tis multiply'd prodigiously; every one has almost got one of his own, or at least he has got a toleration to Invent one, or to choose which he best

best thinks will Square with his Designs.

E. I'm sorry to hear you give this odd Account of so brave a Countrey, *Old England* did not use to bear such a Character in my time : But you say you have been at *Amsterdam* ; how stand matters there I wonder?

A. Never better, take my word for't ; they have almost got all the Trade, Commodities and wealth of *Europe* ! truly I think they have as much sence now ; I'm sure, they have more cunning than some of their Neighbours.

E. Well I'm rejoyc'd to hear my Countrey-men thrive so well ; I knew 'em when they were Low enough, I'm sure ; but you say, they're mighty Rich now.

A. Rich ! they're doubleless the Richest People in *Christendom* ; 'twou'd do a man's heart good to see how Brawny and Jocular they look ; they have all they want or wish, but two small things more, and then they'd be satisfy'd.

E. What are these two small things ? Methinks a People that are so very Rich, should not long want two small things.

A. Only *Flanders* and the *Sovereignty of the Narrow Seas* ; and as you say, considering they'r so very Rich, I can't see any great difficulty there is, why they should not have them too.

E. Oh *Aesop*, if these are the two small things, I'm afraid my Countreymen must loose their longing ; *England*, I can tell you that, won't so easily quit her pretensions to the *Narrow Seas* ; she has these still belonging to

her, what ever Notion you may have of 'em; 'twould soon Lower their Topsails, if they were in the least sensible they had any such Inclination; and then for *Flanders*, *Lewis Le grand* is a Scurvy Neighbour; if he should once find 'em shouldering, he'd be very angry with 'em too; I can Remember the time since they were as affraid of a great Frost, as some other Countreys are of an Earthquake, or an Inundation.

Æ. Then you think that the King of *France*, has bounded 'em upon the *Continent*, and *England* upon the *Maine*, and so they are doom'd to Rot in their Native Quagmire.

E. We'll e'n leave 'em, if you please, to be manag'd according to their Merits, with this short Character, *that they'r a Resistive Creature, if they get too much head; Burthensome and Impertinent, when they'r poor and distress'd; and Haughty, Insolent and Dangerous when they are high and mighty.* But you say, you have been at *Tunbridge*; what place is that I beseech you? I think I never heard of the Name.

Æ. Why then I find you're a perfect stranger to this side of the Water. *Tunbridge* is an Eminent Place, where *Dukes*, *Lords*, *Knights*, *Squires*, *Citts*, *Ladys*, *Whores*, *Sharpters*, &c. meet to drink the Waters.

E. What kind of Waters are they, that can occasion such a Concourse as you speak of? Sure there must be some mighty Vertue in 'em.

Æ. They are Medicinal Waters, that Purge and Evacuate; but there are several other
businesses

businesses done at the *Wells* beside purely drinking the Waters.

E. What other business can they do there ?

Æ. There they Intreague and Whore, Dance, Game and Cabal, and forty other ways they have to squander away their time and their Estates.

E. But Drinking the Waters is the Grand pretence, it seems; What are the Waters, Natural or Artificial ?

Æ. Most People allow 'em to be Natural, some almost miraculous, and truly if they be, *England* has been blest with the discovery of abundance of 'em here a late.

E. I find then, you have more of these Miraculous Wells beside *Tunbridge*.

Æ. Great Numbers, i. e. at *Epsom*, *Barnet*, *Dulidge*, *Lambeth*, *Islington*, and almost at every convenient place, both in the Town and Countrey.

E. Well, but what are their Effects and Vertues after all ?

Æ. In troth, in my Judgment, no more than what's common to all Water; drink great quantities of 'em, and they'll pre's their Passage through you, and make you S — or piss, and so will the Water out of any Spring, Brook, or Pump; They seem to me but to have the same effect, all Excesses and Great weights of water have, first to force, and then to wash and cleanse their Passage, as 'tis ordinarily in Gutters and Sinks; you shall see one of them that are so near damm'd up by Filth and Nastiness that there's hardly any passage, by an extraordinary supply

supply of Water, at least sweet and clean; 'tis the same in the other respect, they powre down two or three Gallons of Water, and that runs swiftly through 'em, which washes their Nauseous Fulsome Channels, and makes 'em a little more wholesome and passable, which is all the Vertues I know in 'em.

E. This is but a kind of a blunt Comparison *Æsop*, and yet perhaps it may be apt enough too, but supposing they had no other property beside wrenching the Channel as you express it; tho' I rather, in the general, believe they may derive their Vertues from some Minerals, &c. That's a considerable benefit; but what say the Doctors of 'em?

Æ. The Doctors, most of 'em magnify 'em to the Skyes, and attend at 'em constantly, nay, some will tell you, that they're of greater advantage to them than any body else, for besides the extraordinary fees and gratuities they Entitle 'em to, they are a very proper means to deliver 'em out of the reach of the Clamour of their Wives, and give 'em a full opportunity to feel the Pulses and Examine the secret distempers, &c. Of their Female Patients.

E. I find you're very Sceptical and Censorious, but then I beseech you after all this Railing, What wind was it that drove you to these Wells, which you seem now so much to ridicule and dispise? I never heard that you was any Water-Drinker, except it was in the Stragem you made use of some Hundred Years ago, in the discovery of the Figs.

Æ. Truly, I was Conjur'd from the other World, to meet a Friend there to Patronise a few Fables and Morals, with which he propos'd to Correct and Discipline a Degenerate Vitious Age.

E. But then, what business had you at *Amsterdam*, there's few of the Society of Water-Drinking Poets, they commonly drink Element of another Nature?

Æ. I must own indeed that was pure Curiosity, I was so hourly grated with the Poverty and Calamities of the *English*, and the Wealth and Splendour of the *Dutch*, that at last, I resolv'd to go see how Cases stood my self, that I might have some Intelligence to carry back with me to *Elisium*.

E. Well, but it seems you Patroniz'd some Fables and Morals from thence too, what kind of Fables were all these I wonder, methinks this looks like *ambo-dextering*?

Æ. The Fables, &c. In the main were only the old ones new Vam't and Liquor'd; indeed, there was a little difference in their Contexture and Design, but that's no great fault in a scribbler, especially at this time a-day.

E. What was their difference? I always thought it Inconsistent with the Dignity and Character of an honest Man and a good Moralist, to shuffle about and change sides; I hope, *Æsop*, you did not sink your self so low, to take up with the base and scandalous profession of a Trimmer or a Time-server?

Æ. I don't know what you call *trimming* and *changing of sides* ; I did that which most of the World at present do ; took the Method which I thought would best Propagate my Interest and design.

E. But what then's become of *Vertue*, *Honour*, and *Conscience* ? What, are they quite dwindle'd away, and worn out in these Latter Ages ?

Æ. As to *Vertue*, *Honour*, and *Conscience*, I have been among the *Doggrel-Mongers* and *Scriblers*, and then you know that either of these Principles are as Inconsistent with the *Poets*, as they are with some Statesmen, and they have as Mischievous an Influence too ; if they once suffer themselves to be Infected with a little *down right Honesty*, the Natural Consequence is Starving or Hanging.

E. Pray, *Æsop*, to make short of the matter, what was the design of your Fables from *Tunbridge* ?

Æ. As for Designs, I'll engage for my *Tunbridge* Friend, he had no Sinister ends in his *Satyrs* ; there were some of 'em indeed spic'd with an antiquated Principle call'd Loyalty, which if the Publishers Observations signifies any thing made 'em go down a little the more gratefully with some sort of People.

E. Why then I find your Fables from *Tunbridge* were Loyal Fables, but then what must those be at *Amsterdam*.

Æ. Those were Fables that were leaven'd with the good old cause, common-wealth Fables, and truly sold, and pleas'd the World full as well as the former.

E. Indeed *Æsop*, I cannot be reconciled to your *ambo-dextering* as I told you, but now you have nam'd the good old cause, how does it thrive in *England*?

Æ. 'Tis the only cause that thrives among 'em, those that profess it are Sedulous and Vigilant, and Slip no Opportunity, that can by any manner of means Propagate or advance it, and truly as the World beleives have made a considerable Progress.

E. But then what are the Opposite Parties doing, what are there no Eyes upon 'em in such a Conjunction.

Æ. No truly, I don't see any body very much affected, some People talk of a Comprehension and Union between the *Presbyterians* and the Church of *England*, and that after that the toleration will be suppress'd, but whether there be any thing in't or not I can't tell, in the main (in my Opinion) they seem strangely insensible of any danger.

E. Well, come, we won't Launch too far into Politicks neither, but can you let me have a short sight of your Fables?

Æ. In troth, I have none of 'em by me at present, only two that were accidentally left out of the sheets from *Amsterdam*, and if you think those worth your reading, here they are at your service.

The Fable of Jupiter and the Statue.

Great Jove in his Gown
 One Evening came down
 To divert himself with a Walk,
 And finding a-lone
 A body of stone,
 He thus urg'd the Statue to Talk.

Mr. Statue says he,
 I'm a God you see,
 Then let me know why 'tis you stand,
 So shatter'd and torn,
 And look so forlorn,
 With but one poor lame Leg and no Hand.

Quoth the Statue, great Sir,
 I'm so fixt I can't stir,
 Tho' you Thunder Lighten and Rain;
 I'm confus'd 'gainst my will,
 Like a Fool to stand still,
 And must neither look back nor complain.

I perceive ev'ry day,
 How I moulder away,
 My glory and strength are quite gone;
 And what's worst of all,
 I'm afraid I shall fall,
 Lamented or Pity'd by none.

This

This so call'd the God
 That say's be, thou dull Clod,
 And lugg's out of his Pocket a Bolt :
 For shame thou base Dumb-thing,
 Rouse up and do something,
 Then gives him a terrible Pelt.

Take that for your Pains,
 'Twill teach you more Brains,
 And Remember that if you don't mend on't;
 You'll find there's some odds,
 Between Statues and Gods,
 You'll find it, Mr. Statue, depend on't.

The Moral was this:

When warnings from Heaven
 To a People are given,
 And they still despise and Reject 'em,
 Sometimes the kind God
 First uses his Rod,
 And doth gently Reprove and Correct 'em.

But when he finds still
 They oppose his great will,
 And will neither be warn'd nor advis'd,
 Then he takes down his Thunder,
 And soon brings them under;
 To shew he will not be despis'd

E. I don't see much of a *Common-Wealth Principle* in your first Fable ; it appears to me to be quite otherwise ; I suppose by the Statue your Author Intends *England*, and seems to Intimate that She has done something heretofore that she's under Correction for now, and with-all advises her to repent, lest worse Evils fall upon her ; and if these are your *Common-Wealth Principles*, they are doubtless very honest good Principles ; but let me tell you too, if they are, they are strangely alter'd for the better here a-late ; but pray let me see your other Fable.

The Fable of the *Helmet* and the *Wasps*.

A Swarm of rude Wasps that subsist by their
Plunder,
By chance were disturb'd from the Bank they lay
under,
And being at a loss for another retreat,
In a *Helmet* thrown by, they fix a new Seat.

Quoth the Heads of the swarm, we have made
good change,
By the Safe-Guard of this, we may happily range
We're safe here I'm sure, for who can foresee,
That a *Helmet* should harbour such Vermin
as we.

*This Fable's too plain to want exposition,
 And England I hope, so well knows her condition,
 That she ne'r will be wheedl'd, or threatn'd
 to suffer
 An Army of Insects to Bridle, or buff her.*

E. This last Fable I must confess I do not so well apprehend, do me the favour therefore to let me a little into the mystery of it.

Æ. I don't perceive any mystery at all in't, the Author it seems has no kindness for a standing Army. I suppose his meaning is, that they are both Dangerous and Chargeable, and Inconsistent with the Scituation and Interest of *England*.

E. If that be his meaning, I'm of his mind too, but then *Æsop*, I think with Submission to your Author, 'tis something hard to turn off so many brave Men without any manner of Provision or Reward; I hope, he would not have Good Old Hospitable *England*, at last, a President of Ingratitude and Inhumanity.

Æ. I told you before, he was a Common-Wealth-Man, and so you must not expect much Gratitude and Humanity from him, but now I think on't, I have another Old Fable, which if you please, I'll tell you, and by that time I have done, my time will be expir'd.

The

*The Fable of the Old Woman and
the Cats.*

THere was a certain Old Woman that had her House Infested with vast Multitudes of Rats, insomuch that she was forced to raise a strong Party of Cats, to guard and defend her against 'em ; the Cats, as 'tis their Nature, soon freed her from her danger, and either kill'd or drove all the Vermine out of her Cottage ; but then the Plunder of the Field ceasing, and the Woman being unable to support the Cats in their former plenty, they grew Ravenous and Mischeivous, gnaw'd her Bacon, her Butter and her Cheese, and in the main, were more Troublesome and Vexatious to her than the Rats themselves, upon which she concludes, notwithstanding they had done her this signal kindness, to get quit of 'em as soon as she could, and so got a Neighbour to take 'em in a sack and carry 'em into a Field, and turn 'em out to shift for themselves ; the Cats, as ill luck would have it, made their way to a Barn Contiguous to their Old Mistress's, where the Farmer perceiving 'em vigilant to catch his Mice, and useful to defend his Corn from Vermine, &c. Gave 'em food and us'd 'em very kindly and tenderly ; however, they soon discover their former

former Quarters, and in a few Nights afterwards in a full Body march thither, and being very well acquainted with all the passages and Avenues into the House, at a sink-hole got in, and devour'd every thing almost the Poor Woman had.

E. This was very hard upon the Woman, I confess; but what followed, and what became of the Cats afterwards?

A. The Cats retir'd back again; and the Woman perceiving that it must Necessarily be them that had done her all this Injury, sends immediately to the Farmer to request him to banish them his Barn, and punish 'em for their Unnatural Depredations, which it seems he positively refus'd with this short answer, that they were Serviceable and Useful to him; besides, they were come to him for refuge, and he was oblig'd in Point of Honour to Protect and use 'em kindly,

E. To save you the Trouble of a Moral, by this Fable I suppose you'd Insinuate how Dangerous it is for *England* to raise a great Army; if she keeps 'em on foot, in a little time they grow burthensome and perhaps Mutinous, especially in a time of Peace; if she disbands 'em they consequently straggle from her and take up with some other Nation, and then doubtless they are the worst Enemies she has. 'Tis exactly the Poor Old Womans Case, and withal I think her President is the best, e'n to turn 'em out however to shift for themselves; for though that be but a bad Remedy, yet considering every thing,

in

in my Judgement 'tis much the better of the two.

Æ. I have nothing to do with any of your Political Matters, I have given you a shor Fable or two, which if you think worth your trouble 'tis well enough; yonder I perceive my Governour's a coming, and so I must leave you, you're for *England* it seems, where if you should happen to meet my *Tunbridge* acquaintance commend me heartily to him, and let him know I'll be sure to meet him there next Season.

E. Before you go, *Æsop*, tell me what sort of Company you have in *England*, where a man may pass away a Month or two, with the most Satisfaction.

Æ. In troth that's a thing I cannot direct you in; if you fall in with the W——mites, they are so Restless Turbalent and Jealous, and withal so Intent upon their Interest and Advancement, that ther's little felicity to be expected amongst them; If you happen among the J——bites, there you'll be entertain'd with little but Ridiculous Notions, Forgeries, Romances, Chimerical hopes, and absurd Projects and Impossibilities; If you herd your self with the Common-Wealth Party you must endure to have your Ears grated with the Serpentine Hissings of *Treasure*, *Faction* and *Rebellion*. In short, as Cases stand, *England's* a very difficult place for a Person to form a good Conversation in; their Poets are Poor, Mercenary and Scandalous, their Priests and Teachers most of 'em Proud and In-

Inhospitable; and the generality of the Rest either pursuing Vice, Folly or Interest.

E. You give me an account enough to fright a stranger from coming near the Climate; I don't think 'tis possible the Country can be so much alter'd as you speak of.

E. Well, I can't stay to convince you further; I wish old *England* as well as you do, and all that love her, well, I heartily wish she may long enjoy her present Peace, that she may recover her Pristine Glory, Riches and Plenty, and be as she once was, the Terror and Ballance of *Europe*, Farewell.

*Colloque the Second, between Scribble,
Cant and Mimick.*

M. Scribble, I am glad to meet you, I have been with most of your Fraternity to Summons 'em to a Randevouze to Night, there's a Scurvy non Jurat has declar'd War against the play Jobber's, and is already sate down before the stage, and what's worse (In the Judgment of those that best understand the Nature of such Attacks,) carries on his Works with so much Judgment and Regularity, that it will be impossible for 'em to hold out, if he should give 'em a general Assault.

S. I always thought it would come to a War at last. and truly we have none to thank but our selves. There's hardly a Play writ, but if there be ever a Grand Piece of Villany or Knavery to be represented, but a Priest forsooth, must be made the Rogue, or the

D

Cheat

Cheat that is to act it. Besides, the generality, of our Characters are so Prophane or Obscene or else so fulsome absurd and Inconsistent, that indeed I wonder the War did not Commence long ago.

M. Why then *Scribe*, I find you revolt, what I suppose you are a going to be functionify'd, a cast Poet makes an admirable Country Parson.

Scr. I think Mr. *Mimick*, you might have sav'd your Jest till a fitter opportunity, but pray, how is the place provided, and what kind of defence does it make, has their been no Sallies nor Rencontres?

M. Truly, the p'ace is but very ill garrison'd; there have been several small Skirmishes, and two grand Sally's carry'd on by the *Dutch* and *Irish*; but they were both repuls'd with considerable loss, especially the *Irish*, whom most people believe will hardly ever be able to repair it.

S. But pray, with submission, how came the *Irish* and *Dutch* in particular to be entrusted with the Command of those grand Sally's? I never heard of many of either of those Countrys that were very great Commanders, especially in a War of this Nature.

M. How it hap'n'd I know not, but it seems, they had a mind to Signalize their Valour and Parts, and have been sufficiently swing'd for their Fool-hardiness, but here comes *Cant* with a Couple of Books in his hand, let's accost him and see how he relishes the matter. Mr. *Cant*, your Servant, you look very brisk, what two Books are those you hug so comfortably?

C. Do you observe me to look so brisk then, Indeed Gentlemen, I was never better pleas'd in my life, these two Books are Mr. *J. C.* —, against that sink of Iniquity, that Mother of Whoredom,

For-

Fornication and Adultery, that abomination to the Godly, that aversion to all Sober and Religious minded Protestants, the Stage ; two Books, that in my Opinion will for ever deserve the Character, and esteem of all Pious and well dispos'd People.

Scr. Not to Interrupt you, sure, you don't consider who this *J. C.* is, you magnify so much, why he's a *Non-Jurat*, and as some of your Party report a Rank *Papist* in his heart, and as I can assure you, an Inveterate hater of all Commonwealth Principles and Designs.

C. Why, truly, *Mr. Scribble*, that's a great thing which you Instance, and indeed I'm heartily sorry such worthy Books should have so sinful an Author, but Notwithstanding, the Books are admirable Books, and yet when I consider they were writ by a *Non-Jurat* whom I abhor, next to the Whore of *Babylon*, I loose a great deal of my regard for 'em.

M. Pox of your Whines and Cants : if you have nothing to object against them but that, they were writ by a *Non-Jurat*, I would not give a farthing for your Judgment nor Objection neither ; the Books are damnably writ with a great deal of Sence, Learning and Wit ; and have so confounded and baffl'd the whole Stage, that 'tis become Obnoxious or Ridiculous to all the sober part of the Kingdom.

Cant. With your leave *Mr. Mimick* that's no such Inconsiderable Objection ; for let me tell you that if the Book's had been writ by any other, but by one of these Contemptible *non-Jurats*, you'd find they'd have had another sort of Effect.

M. Scribble, what do we stay hearing this Old Sanctify'd Hypocrite, venting his dull Malice.

Sir, can you propose any expedient to do the Stage Service in its extremity, and be reveng'd of this *Paultry non-Furat*.

C. I propose an expedient to do the Stage Service! I abhor the Notion: if t'were all in a Flame, and all the Actors in the middle on't, and one pail of Water from my hand would quench the Flames, preserve their lives and their Souls Eternally; I would not stir a foot to help 'em: oo you Remember the Committee, *Sir*, the Committee?

M. Do you Remember the Murther of the King; the Rye House Plot, your Counset of Six, the Rebellion in the West, and a hundred other Factionous and Traitorous Practices yon have been Contriving and Fomenting ever since the Restoration.

S. Well, come *Mr. Mimick*, we'll leave *Mr. Cant* to meditate these matters over by himself *Mr. Cant* good morrow, pray all due respects to your Wife and Daughter.

M. Ay, there's the business on't then, you're acquainted with his Wife and Daughter, it seems I was wondering how you and he came so familiar.

Ser. I have had 'em at the Play-house, &c. But this is all Forreign to the matter, what must be done for the assistance of our Poor Languishing Stage?

M. Nothing that I can imagine, unless it be to hang out a white Flag and submit to Dishonourable Terms, rather than suffer our selves to be taken by assault.

Ser. Indeed, I believe that must be the way after all, the longer we hold out, the more we are still expos'd to Danger and Reproach, but then the difficulty will be in drawing up the Articles.

M. I have thought of some Heads, which if you approve of, we'll send 'em to the besieg'd to be drawn into a form against their surrender.

Str. Prethee, let's hear 'em, and if my assistance will be of any use, I shall be very ready.

Imp. I think, 'twill be necessary for the Stage to own and recant all its former Obscenity, Profaneness and Immorality, and to give security according to the best of their Judgment, never to be meddling with the like for the future.

2^{dly}, That upon no Account they presume, to Intermeddle with the Affairs of the *Church of England*, or Introduce any of her Priests, as the Representatives of Knaves, Fools, or Cheats.

3^{dly}, That they rectify and examine their Characters, and not suffer their *Hero's* to Bully and Insult their Princes, to Rebel, Murder, Rape, or to commit any Base or Mercenary Action, Inconsistent with the strictest Rules of Vertue and Justice, and the Character of a brave Man and a true *Hero*.

4^{thly}, That they examine their Plots in general, and where they find them Deficient, Superfluous, or Impertinent, either to raze 'em quite out or Correct 'em, and not impose an ungrateful din of confus'd stuff upon their auditors, or pretend to divert 'em with a few dull Joaks, or Merry Andrew Tricks, so much below the Dignity of the *Theater Royal*.

Lastly, That they refrain all Factions, Time-serving and Mob-pleasing, and that they keep up intirely to their Grand Design, to Propagate and Commend Vertue, and to discover and discourage Vice.

Scr. All these Articles are highly advantageous to the Enemy, and without doubt, such as he'll readily agree to, but then what must he Covenant for his part?

M. He shall Immediately draw off his Forces, without committing any further Hostilities, and shall be oblig'd upon the performance of the Articles aforesaid, to enter into a League offensive and defensive, to do the Stage Justice against all Whiggish Innovations and Antimonarchical Interruptions.

Scr.

Scr. Why, then, I'll go instantly and propose a Cessation of Arms, till we can get these Articles agreed to, and Interchangeably seal'd and deliver'd.

Colloque the Third, between Motion, Snap and Catch-pole.

Sn. **M**R. *Motion*, your humble Servant, what have you had a good Term? I vow to God, our People have nothing to do, unless it be now and then the filling up a Bail Bond, or Engrossing a Mortgage Deed!

M. A good Term! I Protest, I have had but two Motions, and one of 'em was but a Crown one neither, these three Terms; if it was not for the help of Procuration and Continuation, and the advantages I make from some *Orphans* Money, I have in my management, I could not live.

Sn. Faith, 'tis a hard World, the People are generally grown so poor, and the Law is made so chargeable too, that I find there's no good to be done at it; I think, I must be forc't after all, to turn Stock-Jobber, and try what that will do.

M. Stock-Jobbing's but a Scurvy, Scandalous Profession neither, and yet if it were not for one cause that I have upon the Anvil, I'd joyn with you, or else turn Projector.

Sn. Now you talk of a Projector, there's a great deal of good to be got that way, let's e'en joyn our forces and have a touch at it, we may manage that and our other business too.

M. Ay, but then where's the Project, for my Part, I am the worst in the World at Inventions?

Sn. If you'll Embark, let me alone for the Project, I know a way to make Money plentiful, and yet to advance the Interest, to improve Trade, restore Credit,

credit, and double the price of Land, and all this in very inconsiderable time.

M. That's a rare Project indeed, and if thou couldst do that, thou wouldst be a brave Fellow, but art thou confident, thou canst make thy Proposition Answer ?

S. I have the same Moral assurance which all Projectors have, but that is not the business, if it does not Answer the Grand End 'tis not so much, provided we can draw Money by't into our own Pockets.

M. But then the World will look upon us for Knaves and Cheats, and we should render our selves obnoxious to all Honest Men, but Prudence, how dost thou propose to raise the Money and Credit, &c. Thou speaks of,

S. If you start Niceties, or boggle at the Reputation of a Knave or a Cheat, you're very unfit for a Projector ; as for the Project I intend, 'tis this ; to propose a Mysterious Prank, first get a Patent for't, then have it enrol'd, Cajolle some great Persons into an opinion of it, and get leave to use their Names, pretend Mountainous Advantages, take a great House for the Office, and hang a Label at the door, &c.

M. But all this can't be done without a vast charge, what must be done in that Respect ?

S. Never trouble your self about that, In the first place we must sell Shares and Abundance of Places ; for which we must have the Money down, &c.

M. But then supposing our Project should Miscarry, how must we do then ? The Persons that have given us Money for Shares and Places, will bring their Actions.

S. To prevent that we must make our Agreements, that their Salleries and Advantages shall arise out of the Profits of the Office, so that if the Office should fail, there would be no cause of Action. I know those that have got ten thousand pound by such a Project, within these two or three Years, and yet 'tis like to fail too.

M. That's hard tho', to draw in Poor Men and trick 'em out of their Money, and what's worse engage 'em to a needless attendance, and after all to shuffle 'em

em off without any manner of Compensation.

S. If you're for Compensation and Cases of Conscience, I have done with you : Yonder I see Catchpole, I'll go see what he says to the World ; how now Catchpole, who are you in Mourning for ?

C. For an honest Brother, that fell a Sacrifice to the cause two or three days ago.

S. How dost mean a Sacrifice, what, I warrant he run himself upon some foolish attempt, and so was knock't o'the head for his pains.

C. Truly he dy'd hard and fair in the Execution of his Office, and his Wife like a good Woman, buryed him as decently, laid him in the vault in *St. Andrews Church*, among the Burgers of the Parish, and had a good Sermon for him beside.

S. That was great to lay him in the vault, but who Preacht the Sermon ?

C. Truly I did not know the man, but every Body said he talkt very well.

S. Preacht well ; how did he Preach ?

C. Why, sometimes he talkt very loud, and then very gently and soft again, and sometimes very Familiarly, the chief heads were about Sin and Mortality, and then when he came to the business about the man, he said as he was stout, he was merciful, and truly talkt over the Duty of a Bailly, as if he had understood it as well as the best of us.

S. Loud, soft and Familiar ; that's but a sort of antiquated way of Preaching.

C. I don't trouble my head about forms of Preaching, my thinks he did as 'tis common in other cases, talk well for his Fee, and indeed I believe said as much, as the Nature of the case would bear.

S. What was our deceased Brother, a man of Reputation ?

C. In short he was my Friend, and a Dead Bailly, and therefore I'll neither say good nor ill of him, and so farewell.

COL. IV.

Between Scrible, Piracy, and Hawkwell.

Piracy. Friend *Scrible*, good morrow ! but why so fower and thoughtful this morning ?

Scrible. Sowr and thoughtful ! t'would make you sowr and thoughtful to be in my condition.

Pir. Why, pray Mr. *Scrible*, what's the matter, what evil Planet governs now ?

Ser. Ten thousand evil Planets Sir, there's none but evil Planets rule here, and in all the rest of the Regions I believe.

Pir. I find you'r very angry and disorder'd, but come I'll give you a whet this morning, perhaps that may soften you a little.

Ser. Don't tell me of your whets, my Stomack's sharp enough already, if you will give me any thing let it be something for Breakfast ; if you'll treat me with a peice of hot Tripe and a Pot or two of Ale, I'm for you.

Pir. Faith a good motion Mr. *Hawkwell*, what say you ? I think to be near the Fountain-head we must e'en adjourn to *Field-lane*, and there we may have it piping hot out of the Kettle.

Hawkwell. With all my Heart, I shall be always ready to oblige Mr. *Scrible* in any thing I'm able.

Ser. You're two very honest Gentlemen, and
E in-

indeed I must needs say you have both done me singular favours in a great many particulars; but lets first have the Tripe, and then you shall know a little more of my mind.

Pir. Well, Mr. *Scribble*, if you and Mr. *Hawkwell* will step before to the Bricklayers-Arms, and order the Woman to get Six penny-worth of the best, I'll be with you immediately.

Hawk. We are all spoil'd; there's no Tripe to be had till the Afternoon, but Mr. *Scribble* has ordered the Landlady to get a couple of Cow-beels, and fry 'em with a good quantity of Onions, which I believe will do as well.

Ser. 'Tis the best Victuals in the Universe, but only this plaguy Woman is so long in getting 'em ready.

Pir. She's just coming, but pray in the intrin, let's know Mr. *Scribble* what it is that has disorder'd you? truly I am much affected to find you so much out of sorts.

Ser. Gentlemen, I am fit for nothing till I have fill'd my Belly, and when that's done, if you'll be a little patient, I have something of moment to communicate to you, besides, here comes the Breakfast. —

Hawk. Well Mr. *Scribble* now we have breakfasted, pray oblige us with the reason of your un-easiness.

Ser. I find you will have it, and I believe 'tis your guilt that urges you to press me so hard; in short you are the 2 Rascals, or some of your gang, that have been the occasion of my disturbance.

Hawk. Rascals! a scurvy term Mr. *Scribble*, but how have we been the cause of your disturbance?

Ser.

Scr. Why, you for your part *Mr. Hawkwell*, like a Dog as you are, make it your business to hunt and listen about Town, and to observe every little Paper that comes out, and if you find it pleases the Mob and is like to sell, then you carry it to your Friend *Piracy*, and he crowds four or five Sheets into one and Prints it, and sends it abroad at a Penny, or rather then fail at a Half-penny a-piece, though before 'twas sold at Six pence, or a Groat at least, and so you Cheat, or rather Rob, both the Author and the Bookseller, and will at last occasion an embargo upon the Press, and then you and your whole Fraternity may first starve, and then be damn'd together.

Pir. Mr. Scribble, You're so passionate that there's no speaking to you: supposing all this, I can't see how the Author can be a sufferer; he sells his Copy to the Bookseller, so that if the Book be privately Printed, the damage falls upon him.

Scr. A very handsome come off indeed, why then you think 'tis neither Sin nor Knavery to cheat the Bookseller, you think I suppose that he makes up his Markets upon the Author, and so you may Rob him by way of Reprizal.

Pir. Truly, with respect to the Booksellers, I cannot say but there may be some small Injustice, but for your part *Mr. Scribble*, you have no injury done you at all.

Scr. With your leave, *Mr. Compendious*, I can demonstrate that the Author's the only Person that's injur'd.

Pir. How can that be *Mr. Filch*? for since you're so good at hard Names and Demonstrations, I believe it will be easy to prove that most

of your Tribe are as compendious Thieves and Robbers, as any Printers or Hawkers about Town.

Ser. Sir, my Guts are at Peace, and so would I too; and therefore give good Words and avoid Comparisons, or 'tis not your Cow-heel Treat, &c. shall save your Bacon.

Hawk. Gentlemen, here shall be no quarrelling, if you will debate the matter with Moderation well and good, if not, Mr. *Piracy*, you and I'll be gone, and leave him to rave by himself.

Ser. Mr. *Hawkwell*, I'm not so much for fighting as you imagine, only Mr. *Piracy* is pleas'd to throw his Reflections upon Authors, and withal would have me believe 'tis no Injury to us to have our Books printed upon us.

Pir. I tell you again, that if you sell your Copies to the Booksellers, you can have no Injury, and then for your thieving 'tis too plain for contradiction: pray what do you think of that worthy Brother that compos'd the *Trip to Holland*? do ye think he did not make a very large Trip into *Felton's Resolves*? And for the Spark that writ the first Trip, with his leave, he made several Trips into places where he had no Business. The best of you all do but steal and pilfer from one another, tho some of you have a little better Faculty in transposing than the rest, and so perhaps may pass undiscover'd.

Ser. *Piracy*, I tell thee thou art a Scoundrel; I cannot bear to hear the Dignity of Authors traduc'd at this rate: what, you won't allow us the privilege of a little modest Quotations?

Pir. Very modest Quotations indeed, to steal whole Pages, nay sometimes whole Books, and crowd

crowd in a few of your new Words, and some of your own Nonsense, and then impudently sell it to the Bookseller as if 'twas a Brat of your own begetting.

Scr. And to make 'em amends you rob 'em again. What if we do make bold with a Page or two now and then, I hope that's no Argument for you to steal whole Volumes: In short, you're a Company of Mercenary Varlets, and so I'll trouble my Head no further with you.

Hawk. Come then Mr. *Scribe*, we'll call a new Cause; Have you any thing new? if you have, Mr. *Piracy* and I'll deal with you for it, for ready Money.

Pir. Faith, as *Hawkwell* says, let's be Friends, we're all of a-piece, and if you have any new thing we'll give you as much for't as the best Bookseller of 'em all.

Scr. Supposing you would; I don't see where's the necessity for your buying Copies, you have them all for nothing I think. Pray where did you buy the Copies of your *Æsops*, the *Dragon and Grasshopper*, the *History of the Standing Army*, *Elegy on the Death of Trade*, *Oliver's* and *Stephen's Sermons*, and twenty other little things you have printed? If you had common Humanity you'd be ashamed, nay be starv'd before you'd be guilty of such insolent Villanny; robbing upon the Highway, House-breaking and picking of Pockets are but modest Theevries in comparison to your impudent Piracy. Sell you my Copies! I'll use 'em first as *Merry Andrew* said of his Tallys and Chequer-Bills, *light Fires and singe Pigs with 'em*.

Scr.

Pir. I wish I had known your mind an hour or two sooner, the Devil should have stuff'd you with Ale and Cow-heel for me.

Hawk. This is but the Copy of Mr. *Scribble's* Countenance; but if he'll be rul'd and take advice, we can put him in a way how he shall live better than any of his Brotherhood.

Ser. I defy your Advice and Assistance, I'm confident there's nothing but deep and deliberate Knavery can proceed from such intolerable Wretches; but you are not worth more of my Trouble, and so I'll leave you (if the Law has not provided a Punishment suitable to you) to the correction of the Mob, and the guilt of your own Consciences.

COL: V.

Between Art, Industry and Cringe.

Industry. **S**ister *Art*, Whither are you so solemnly bound this Evening, and why so thoughtful and contemplative?

Art. Why truly Sister, I was going to take a solitary walk in St. *James's* Park, I have nothing to do, and so was thinking to take a melancholy turn or two upon the *Mall*.

In. That's my condition too, and if I thought I should not be burthenfome I'd bear you company,

Art. A Sister and a Friend can never be ungrateful conversation nor burthenfome, and indeed

need I'm rejoyc'd we are met so luckily that we may have an opportunity to condole and advise with each other ; pray Sister direct me if you can what we must do for a subsistence in this hard uncharitable Age ?

In. I was just going to put the same Question to you, but yonder comes *Cringe*, let's call him to us, and see what he says to the Case. Mr. *Cringe*, if your occasions are not urgent, a word with you.

Cr. Madam me have no occations at all, Begar me have noting to do, no Money, no Credit, my Wife bawl, my Shildren cry for Bread, my Landlord dun for Rent, my Goods all pawn'd ; and Begar me go make hang upon my self.

Art. This Wretch Sister is in a worse condition than either of us : Mr. *Cringe* how came all these misfortunes to fall upon you together ?

Cr. All des misfortune bin but one misfortnne, me have no Money, Begar, dat bin all my misfortune.

In. But why should you be so turbulent and outrageous ? you see the English bear their wants with the utmost calmness and moderation.

Cr. For what you tell me of de English, Begar, de English have no Head, no Thought, no Soul, no Brains ; *England* been ou very good Nation, full of ou very foolish, ou very poor, and, Begar, ou very cheating People.

Art. But why should you give old *England* all these hard Names ? she has been very kind to your Countrey-men the French Protestants.

Cr. De French Projestant ! very good, but me be no French Protestant, me bin ou French Papish, Naturalize in de Reign of King *Jaque*, and Be-

Begar; me have no good luck never since: for what you call de French Protestant, dey be de French Scoundrell, dey be in de general de French Vagabond, de Rubbidg, and de Excrement of de whole Kingdom.

In. Come don't be so severe upon your Country-men Mr. *Cringe*, they're a very sedulous Industrious People, and live very well.

Cr. For what you call live very well? Dey live in de Garret, in de Cellar, dey eat de Sheeps Head, and the Root, dey starve all de Week to live well, and wear de fine Clothes upon de Sunday.

Art. Well, they are to be commended for that however: but Multitudes of 'em are got into great Shops, have large Stocks, good Trades, get Money, and live much better than the English.

Cr. Begar Madam, you make me laugh, who bin de Fool den? But Madam, me will tell you, dat bin de Folly of de English, dey must have de French Taylour, de French Cooke, and de French Master; dey must have the French Glove, and de French Shoe: Begar, must have de French all but the French Policy.

In. Truly what Mr. *Cringe* says in that Particular is a great Truth, the English are strangely bigotted to 'em, and tho we infinitely exceed 'em in every Vocation, and our Commodities are much preferable to theirs, yet unless they have a French Stamp upon 'em, they'll hardly pass Muster with a great many of our English Gentry.

Art. I must confess I have often thought upon what you say with a great deal of just Concern

and Astonishment; and withal I am very confident that that was one of the fatal Causes that brought the grey Hairs of our good old Mother Trade with Sorrow to her Grave, and is the chief Instrument of our present Misfortunes.

Cr. Dat bin very true Madam, dey live hard, dey under-sell de English, dey wheedle, fawn, flatter, and begar dey lie, dey spoile de Trade, and will at last be de Destruction of de glorious English Nation.

In. But Mr. *Cringe*, you han't told us the cause of your misfortunes yet.

Cr. Me told you me bin one French Papish, me trust, trust, trust de English Jacobite, dey pay me with noting but News and Romance, dey make me break and now I may be starve.

Art. Now you talk of King *James*, what do your Friends the Jacobites say of the matter since the Peace?

Cr. For what you ask me dat, me know nothing, me believe noting, me meddle with noting, and begar me have noting.

In. What have you got in your Bag Mr. *Cringe*?

Cr. Dis bin Mourning for Minheer *Van Beltsch- and Fart*, for de Death of de English Trade.

In. What then, does Minheer love the English Trade so well, to go into Mourning for her Death?

Cr. Begar he love her very well over de left shoulder, but me say more of dat another time.

Art. I think Sister it will be too late to Night at the Park, and so if you please we'll defer our talk till another time, our Kinswoman *Credit* I hear is in a very languishing condition, and there-

fore we'll make her a Visit, where we may spend the remainder of the Evening in the mutual Consolament of each other.

COL. VI.

Between Sneak, Turbulent and Infallibility.

Sneak. **F**riend *Infallibility*, I am heartily rejoyc'd to see thee, and I bring thee the Thanks of our whole Party for thy late Friendship and Assistance in our *Norfolk* Rencontre.

Infallibility. Mr. *Sneak*, I thank you and your Party for all Favours, but pray what says the World of that Matter?

Sn. Thou know'st friend, the World is a common Liar, there's no great matter of dependance upon any thing the World says; but I can tell thee what, the Quakers have got more Reputation by thy Letters, and Advice in the management of that Conference, than in any thing they ever undertook in that nature before.

In. I am glad to hear it, and if they would but observe two things, they'd find their Number and their Interest increase daily. First, to be sure to keep their Friends behind the Curtain. And secondly, to evade all manner of Methods and Scholastick Rules in their Conferences, if they do

Do the first, they betray both their Cause and their Friends; if the latter, they'll most certainly be baffled and confounded.

Sn. Friend, I think these are two needless Cautions; the first is inconsistent with their Credit and Policy, and the last with their very Nature.

In. If you have any thing of Moment further, be brief; for here will be *Turbulent* the Presbyterian presently, and then we must call a new Cause.

Sn. All that I have further at present, is to ask your advice, whether it will be convenient to send a new Challenge for another Conference; some of our Brethren seem very urgent for it.

In. By all means, if you can urge your Adversaries to accept it; if you get no advantage, you can lose none at worst, it will entitle you to a considerable deal of Reputation, to be thought opposites for so potent an Enemy as the Church of *England*; you have Rules before you, *i. e.* to support your selves with Calmness and Moderation, to cajole the People, wrangle when you'r pinch'd, and to evade close Arguings; and for answers to their Letters, &c. you may depend upon your Friends.

Sn. Our Party must needs own and esteem your Friendship, and upon occasion you may be confident you'll find 'em grateful.

In. Gratitude's a God-like Principle, but here's *Mr. Turbulent*. *Mr. Turbulent*, your humble Servant.

Tur. Gentlemen both, your Servant, *Mr. Sneak* I'm glad to find you in such good Company.

Sn. Why, truly Friend I have a great value for the Conversation of *Mr. Infallibility*.

In. And Gentlemen, I think my self very happy in the Society of two such worthy Friends; but pray *Mr. Turbulent* how grow the Seeds of Discord, is there like to be a good Crop this Season?

Tur. In troth I think pretty well, the Anabaptist, Independent your People. *Mr. Sneak*, Ours and yours two *Mr. Infallibility*, are industriously pecking at the English Church.

In. And what I like best of all, they're pecking one at another, the Jurat against the Non-Jurat, and the high-flown against the low-flown. Indeed I must needs be of the Opinion of one of their own scurvy Writers, *i. e.* the Author of the *Decay of Christian Piety*, that their Church is a vivacious Animal, and can never die without killing her self.

Tur. If she dies any how 'tis no matter which way: but what are the chief matters in dispute between the Jurats and the Non-Jurats?

In. Why, several very great things, but the two chief are the Legality of their Deprivations, and the manner and cause of their separation from each other.

Tur. What then, have they broke their Unity and made a Separation? Why then one of the Parties must be guilty of a Schism, for 'tis impossible they should be both in the right?

In. Truly that's *St. Cyprian's* Notion of it, Schism says he, consists in the breaking or tearing the Unity, and dividing that which should be kept together, *Cyp. de unit. Eccl. p. 105.* and

119. *id. Ep. 44. p. 86.* and St. *Chrysostome* is of the same Opinion in *H. 3. ad Cor.*

Sn. I hope Mr. *Infallibility*, your People won't fail to make the most of this advantage.

Is. No, no, we have it set down in the Book of Remembrance, and shall be sure to make use of it upon occasion.

Tur. Then I find Mr. *Sneak's* one of us, I'm glad to see our Party grow so fast, sure we shall have our ends at last upon this poultry Church of *England.*

Is. Yes, yes, he's effectually one of us, and since we're so happily met, lets think what each of us can do in his respective Station to carry on the business : Mr. *Sneak*, what can you do in the first place ?

Sn. First, I can advise the People against paying their Tithes, and give 'em pretended reasons for't, and that will be a means to set the Ministers and their Parishioners together by the ears. I can traduce and vilify 'em between jest and earnest, and fix my Scandals upon 'em, with so much seeming Friendship and Charity, that the World must at last be inclin'd to believe 'em true. I can collect a Catalogue of all the worst Men in their Church, and have 'em ready at my Fingers ends, to trump up upon every occasion to their disadvantage, and for a need I can make some Additions too. I can cunningly insinuate their Pride and Self-Interest : I can reproach their Bishops, revile their Constitution, and defame their whole Order, and do 'em all with such singular Hypocrisy, that few shall suspect, either my Hatred or Treachery. Upon occasion I
can

can give the Spirit utterance and declaim alone, and publickly against 'em : in a word, I can be either a Fiend or a Saint, as it best serves for the Destruction, Scandal or Disadvantage of the Church of *England*.

In. Mr. *Sneak*, truly I see you can do very well, pray Mr. *Turbulent* what can you do?

Tur. Why, I can do all that Mr. *Sneak* has mention'd with some Additions of my own. I can perswade the People that the Ceremonies of the Church of *England* tend directly to Popery; that their bowing to the Altar is a sort of Idolatry; that the sign of the Cross is the true Budg of Antichrist; that their Articles are inconsistent and impracticable; that their Canons are neither pertinent nor obligatory; that there Reformation was an innovation and unwarrantable; that their Rubrick, and Common-prayer are an imposition and unaccountable; and that the whole Church with all its Appendages ought to be new modell'd, rectifi'd or abolish'd.

In. This is very well too, now I'll tell you what I can do, I can do all what you both have instanc'd, with several Amendments, *i. e.* I can herd my self with every Party, whine with the Quaker, cant with the Presbyterians, and prate and yelp with the Annabaptist or Independent; I can cajole and incense the Jurat, and aggravate and imbitter the Non-Jurat, and set 'em to haggling one another with poynted Satyrs, and sharp and bitter Reflections: I can put on any shape or disguise, commit any manner of Wickedness, even Murder or Massacre, for the destruction of this intolerable Church of *England*.

C O L. VII.

Between Orthodox and Moderation.

Moderation. **M**R. *Orthodox*, I am sorry to see you look with so much concern and discomposure in your Face; pray what ungrateful accident have you been encounter'd with to day?

Orth. I have been encounter'd with that which should concern you and all honest Men: a Scurvy-Book lately publish'd, i. e. *Milton's Life*, wherein the impudent Author hath made sawcy Reflections upon the Common-Prayer, and what's more, insolently blasphem'd the Memory of our Royal Martyr.

Mod. That's a bold stroke indeed; but sure the Governours of the Church will take care to have the Book suppress'd, and the Author punish'd.

Orth. I hope they will; for if such high Offences should be pass'd over without a severe Reprehension, the whole Christian World would be apt to condemn and censure *England* for being the Patroness of such a notorious Imposture.

Mod. I must own the thing is of dangerous consequence; and yet as Cases stand now we must not run Matters to Extremity. Well! but have you seen the substance of the *Norfolk Conference*?

Orth. I! there's another thing too; yes, I have seen it, and am astonish'd that so many learned Men should sink themselves so low to engage themselves in a Conference, with a few stubborn, surly, illiterate Quakers; and what's worse, suffer one of their Churches to be the place of Rendezvous.

Mod. You hear that the Quakers sent 'em a Challenge, and that they had leave to dispute with 'em, and for conveniency sake to make use of one of their Churches.

Orth. As for their Challenge, in my Judgment they ought to have rejected it with the same Scorn and Contempt as a Nobleman should do one from his Groom or his Foot-man; and

and then for making use of the Church (which it seems was an Artifice of theirs too) all the considering part of the Kingdom seem to be surprized at it. The Church, if I mistake, not is a place consecrated to divine Worship, and set apart for the solemn Duties of Religion, and nothing else; but then to open the Doors to a Mob, and let in a Herd of vicious Creatures to defend and justify their blasphemous Tenets, seems to me in the literal Sense, the changing the House of God into a Den of Thieves.

Ans. I will not for my part pretend to justify the thing, tho without question our Brethren proceeded with the greatest Caution and Regularity; I declare I'm for condiscension, we have too many 1st Instances of the danger of Extreams, and indeed we have Reason enough to suspect that if we should push things on with the same Rigour as we did formerly, we should soon spoil all.

Orth. I don't apprehend what you call Rigour and Extreams; I hope the strict performance of our Duties in the execution of our Office, and the defence of the Rights and Privileges of our Church can never deserve the Title of Rigour or Extremity. No, my Friend, you're strangely mistaken! 'tis the neglect of our Duty and our easiness and condiscension together, have reduc'd us so low, and will at last ruin us inevitably. If we had been faithful to our selves and liv'd up to our own Rules and Constitution, we might have been long happy; but yonder I see a Friend I have business with, and so I'll conclude with this short wish.

*Oh may I live to hail that glorious Day,
When England's Church shall her own Rites obey.
True to her self may she at length become,
Admir'd abroad, lov'd and carest at home,
The Spight, the Terror, and the Fall of Rome.*

FINIS.